

## Selections

### THE GIDEONS.

(The following appeared as an editorial in "The St Louis Star." It shows a growing appreciation of the secular press for the work of the Kingdom.—Editor.)

About 800 commercial travelers will meet in Des Moines on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, to prove that the present day traveling man is not at all like the "drummer" of former days. These are delegates, representing the Gideons from all over the United States. The Gideons are Christian men who are traveling salesmen, and their numbers are very large in proportion to the entire number of commercial travelers. It is their object to do good and spread the gospel as they go over the country in their daily task, and some of them have become quite prominent in Sunday-school and mission work.

Nothing so marks the higher plane on which modern business has been placed than the contrast between these sober, Christian gentlemen of the gripsack and sample trunk, and the roystering, story-telling, hail-fellow-well-met of the old "drummer" days. Such a change in the character and methods of the traveling men must mean a like change in the character and methods of the business houses they represent. It is one of the proofs, in spite of what is so commonly said about there being no honor in modern business, that as a fact business is being conducted on a higher plane of honor, honesty and fair dealing than ever before. There is little room now for the crook in the business world, and he does not last long when he gets there, whether as a traveling representative, salesman at home, or head of the house. The existence of such a strong body of men as the Gideons has deep business significance.

### PLANNING WORK ON SUNDAY.

The following is an extract of an interesting letter of Sir Matthew Hale to his grandchildren. The testimony of that learned and upright jurist, to the good effects resulting from a strict observance of the Sabbath cannot be unimportant. The original is deposited in the British Museum. It was first published in the "Christian Observer," in London, 1813:

"I will acquaint you with a truth, that above forty years' experience, and strict observation of myself hath assuredly taught me. I have been, nearly fifty years, a man as much conversant in business, and that of moment and importance as most men; and I assure you, I was never under any inclination to fanaticism, enthusiasm or superstition.

"In all this time, I have most industrially observed in myself and my concerns, these three things: Whenever I have undertaken any secular business on the Lord's day (which was not absolutely necessary), that business never prospered and succeeded well with me.

"Nay, if I had set myself that day but to forecast or design any temporal business, to be done or performed afterwards; though such forecasts were just and honest in themselves, and had as fair a prospect as could be expected, yet I have been disappointed in the effecting of it, or in the success of it. So that it grew almost proverbial with me, when any importuned me to any secular business that day, to answer them, that if they suspected it to succeed amiss, then they might desire my undertaking it upon that day, because the resolution then taken would be disappointed, or unsuccessful.

"That, always, the more closely I applied

myself to the duties of the Lord's day, the more happy and successful were my business and employments of the week following. So that I could, from the loose or strict observance of that day, take a just prospect and true calculation of my temporal success in the ensuing week. Though my hands and mind have been full of secular business, both before and since I was a judge, as, it may be, any man's in England, yet I never wanted time, in my six days, to ripen and fit myself for the business and employments I had to do; though I borrowed not one minute from the Lord's day, to prepare for it by study or otherwise. But on the other hand, if I had, at any time, borrowed from this day any time for my secular employments, I found it did further me less than if I had let it alone; and, therefore, when some years' experience, upon a most vigilant observation, had given me this instruction, I grew peremptorily resolved never, in this kind, to make a breach upon the Lord's day, which I have strictly observed for the last thirty years.

"This relation is most certainly and experimentally true, and hath been declared by me to hundreds of persons, as I now declare it to you."—Selected.

### HEARD IN THE CONGO.

In a recent issue of the Alliance Weekly, Mr. F. E. Marsh calls attention to two striking phrases heard in their mission fields. One comes from the Congo, where in the baptismal service the missionary says to the candidate: "And seeing that you have come to the Lord Jesus and have eaten his goat, I baptize you in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit." This seemingly incongruous combination of ideas is really beautiful, when one knows its origin, as stated by Mr. Marsh. When a slave was ill-treated by his master, he could flee from him to any other master he might choose and claim his protection. If his request was granted, a goat would be killed and the new master and his slave would eat of it together. This done, the old master had no claim upon the slave. Should he follow the runaway and demand him back, he would be met by the reply: "He is no longer yours; he is mine, for he has come to me and eaten my goat."

The other phrase, "an empty tomb," was uttered by a Moslem. A party of tourists when visiting the reputed sepulchre of Jesus at Jerusalem were told of an Arab who said to a Christian: "When we go to Mecca, we have a stone coffin in which are the bones of our Prophet; but when you go to Jerusalem, you have only an empty tomb." That way of stating a central truth of the Christian propaganda suggests the glory of the missionary message, as well as its mighty power.—Sunday-school Times.

### "A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT."

By Rev. Edgar B. Bagby, D. D.

Mrs. T, was one of the original members of our choir. Long and faithful she had led our praises. The new musical director undertook to re-organize the choir, and wrote Sister T., that her services would be no longer needed. Asked the reason, he said she flatted on the high notes and spoiled the music. "There is a storm ahead," I sighed, as I started to her house to pour what oil I could upon the troubled waters.

She met me with a smile. "Now, Brother B., do you think I would get mad over a little thing like that, or let it make any difference in my duty to the church?"

I could never tell that it did make any dif-

ference. She did not, of course, sing any more in the choir, and in the congregational singing possibly she did not lift her voice so loudly on the high notes.

She is singing now in the choir in heaven. I am sure there are no discords as she joins in the praises of Him who has promised forever to bless the peace-makers.—Ex.

### THE PERFECT FRIENDSHIP.

By Helen Argyle.

Some one has said that a friend is the one "who is the first to come in when all the world goes out." That is a beautiful thought, isn't it? But are you sure that you have a friend any where on earth who would stand by you when all the world turned its back on you? Think over all your friends and loved ones, is there any one whose friendship is so perfect as that? You like to call yourself a friend, but would you be the first to go in to any one when all the rest of the world went out. You know that you have always had to overlook many things in the very best of your friends, but would your own love and friendship stand such a test as that?

Is there any one whose friendship is thus perfect? Yea, verily, there is one, and His heart is so large that there is room for us all, and He is so humble that none need fear to come to Him. His is the perfect friendship. We have nothing to overlook, and He will take us by the hand and lead us onward, no matter how much we have sinned against that perfect friendship. Why don't we enjoy this wonderful blessing to its fullest?

### A FEW DIRECTIONS.

"I want to go to Joyville."

"Then set out on Duty Street, due north through Labortown."

"Shall I pass through Help Center?"

"Yes, it is right on your way."

"And does this route take in Pleasureburg?"

"Yes, a part of it, Upper Pleasureburg; you must avoid Lower Pleasureburg, for it is way off the road."

"Is it a long way to Joyville?"

"No, very short. Indeed, Labortown and Help Center and Joyville are all under the same city government. You will be there before you know it."—Forward.

### "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

When you send a thrill of rapture  
Thro' someone's bleeding heart;  
And you stir the inner being  
Till the tear drops want to start;  
And you know that you have lifted  
Someone from a lifetime fall  
Will you stop and think a minute,  
Is life worth living, after all?

When you meet one disappointed,  
And you tell him how you care,  
And with some kind word or deed  
You with him his burden share;  
And you brighten someone's pathway  
By the sunshine you are giving—  
Will you stop and think a minute,  
After all, is life worth living?

When you visit the sick and grieved ones,  
To whom each day seems long;  
And you drive all the gloom away  
By singing a cheery song;  
And you bring this one to Jesus  
With his once sad face all smiles—  
Will you stop and think a minute,  
After all, is life worth living?

—Lota Knighton.

If I have learned any valuable lesson in my life, it is this, that no one's feelings are a measure of eternal facts.—George Macdonald